

# HISTORIC CRIMES and MYSTERIES

by  
**WALT  
MASON**



THE FATE OF THE FORGERS.

On Tuesday morning, March 7, 1775, Mr. Robert Perreau walked into the banking house of Drummond Brothers, at Charing Cross. He was greeted cordially by the bankers, for Mr. Perreau, although merely an apothecary, was a Napoleon among apothecaries, and was a welcome guest at the houses of the great. Within a week the bankers had seen him at Lord Egmont's and Lady Lyttleton's. On the occasion Mr. Perreau was full of business.

Producing as security a bond for \$37,000, signed by William Adair, whose signature would be honored at any banking house, he asked for the loan of \$25,000.

The banking brothers scrutinized the document closely, and Henry Drummond said: "It doesn't look like the signature of Mr. Adair."

"It isn't the signature of William Adair," agreed Robert Drummond. "I have seen his signature a hundred times and know it as well as my own."

"There is no doubt about it," said he. "It is witnessed by Arthur Jones, his solicitor, and by Thomas Stark, his servant."

"It is an easy matter to settle," said Henry Drummond. "Let us go and see Mr. Adair. He is in town now."

If Perreau's heart sank into his boots at this proposition he made no sign. He seemed quite willing, and announced that his coach was at the door. So he and the Drummond brothers climbed aboard and drove to the residence of Adair, the rich army agent. Arrived there, the Drummonds explained the business to Adair, who denounced the bond as a forgery the minute he set eyes upon it.

The Drummonds turned to Perreau and sternly asked him how he came into possession of the bond. By this time the apothecary was uneasy, and a cold sweat was on his forehead. "Send for my sister-in-law," he stammered, "and she will explain."

The sister-in-law, known to society as Mrs. Daniel Perreau, was sent for and soon arrived, a dazzlingly beautiful creature. Although known throughout the town as the wife of Daniel, there never had been a marriage, and her true name was Caroline Rudd. The writers of the period describe her as the prettiest, wittiest and most captivating woman in London. She must have been charming, so many good judges of beauty praised her, but the numerous pictures of her still in existence are disappointing to those who have read the ecstatic descriptions.

Ushered into the Adair residence, the situation was explained to her, and she realized its gravity at once.

"I forged the bond," she said. The bankers didn't think that probable, or even possible, whereupon she asked for a pen and sheet of paper, and dashed off a duplicate of the signature on the bond. By this time Daniel Perreau had

arrived, and also a constable, who had been sent for by the bankers. But the constable was sent away. Mrs. Rudd made such an impression upon the Drummonds that they consented to forget the whole occurrence, and the Perreus, with the woman who had saved them, drove away.

Had the Perreus let things rest there, they might have got out of their difficulties. But there were other forgeries afloat, and discovery of the truth might come at any time, so, in order to protect themselves, and arrange for a goat, they went to Bowstreet and laid information against "the female forger." This cowardly attempt to protect themselves at the expense of the woman who had risked everything to save them, deprived them of public sympathy in the time to come, when they needed it most. The judges took the measure of Robert Perreau, and sent him as well as the woman to prison. The next day Daniel Perreau followed them. This Daniel was a great fop, who cut a wide swath among the macaronis. He and Robert were twins, and greatly resembled each other in appearance, but Robert was a keen business man, a money maker, while Daniel was a wastrel. Both brothers were speculating in Exchange alley, and it was this that led them to forgery.

The story of what followed in the courts is too complicated to be detailed in a brief narrative. Mrs. Rudd, who had been the ally of the brothers, was infuriated by their treachery, and became their bitterest enemy. She testified that she did sign the bond, as she had confessed, but did it in fear of her life, Daniel standing over her with an

open knife until it was done. She had committed other forgeries under similar conditions. These other forgeries began to turn up, and they totaled an enormous sum.

The public interest in the Perreau case was so great for a year that even the rebellion of the American colonies attracted comparatively little attention. The newspapers were full of the case, and every man who could charter a printing press was busy issuing broadsides. A certain Admiral Frankland, known as "Old Shiver-Me-Timbers," used up gallons of ink assailing Mrs. Rudd, and thereby created sympathy for her, which was the very thing he didn't want to do. And Mrs. Rudd had her champions among the great writers of the time.

In the course of time the Perreau brothers were brought to trial, and their guilt was so evident to the jury, when all the testimony was in, that they were convicted without the waste of a moment, and sentenced to death. Many people believed then, and many argue even at this late day, that the brothers were the dupes of the designing Mrs. Rudd, but this theory didn't appeal to the court.



"Standing Over Her With an Open Knife Until It Was Done."

Being convicted and sentenced, the

Perreus were sent back to jail to await the outcome of the trial of Mrs. Rudd. The fact that she was brought to trial at all was the occasion of much excited criticism at the time, for she had confessed under promise of immunity from punishment. But she appeared in the dock, "brilliant as ever," as Walpole said, and she conducted her own defense to such good purpose that she was acquitted. After her release James Boswell called upon her and had a pleasant talk, and Samuel Johnson said that he would have visited her, too, only that "nowadays everything gets into the newspapers."

Wednesday, the 17th of January, 1775, was bitter cold. The ground was covered with snow and a boisterous wind shrieked through the streets of London. Yet thousands of people shivered in the blast for hours that they might see the melancholy procession which presently set out for Tyburn. First there was a hurdle, on which two miserable coiners shivered as the rude contrivance bumped over the stones. Next followed a cart, in which George Lee, the boy highwayman, wearing a crimson coat and a cocked hat, endeavored to convince the populace, by his swaggering airs, that he rather enjoyed an untimely end. He was accompanied by two housebreakers, who wailed and wept all through the journey. Following the cart there was a steady mourning coach, in which sat the Perreau brothers.

The storm had grown worse when Tyburn was reached, so operations were hurried. Daniel and Robert embraced each other and spoke a few affectionate words, and their calm, heroic demeanor was talked of for many

a day. They clasped hands on the scaffold, and their hands remained clasped until they were unconscious. Their punishment, which was out of all proportion to their crime, gave the first impetus to the sentiment against capital punishment for such offenses as forgery and that sentiment led a few years later (though not until the scaffold had claimed Dodd, Fauntleroy and other victims) to the repeal of brutal laws and the substitution of more humane ones.

## Preserving the Unities.

In our own time no playwright ever gives a thought to the "preservation of the unities."

And yet even today, when a dramatist is dealing with the result of a long series of events, and when he seeks to set this forth as simply and as strongly as he can, we find him compacting his single action into a single day and setting it in a single place.

This is what the younger Dumas did in "Francillon," and what Ibsen did in "Ghosts." Probably either of them would have been not a little surprised if he had been told that in these plays he had "preserved the unities."

## Chorrera.

Much of the interior of Panama loses that effect of a tropical jungle which one associates with the name. On the south coast especially the scenery is in places rugged. There are numerous rivers from which power can be obtained, and in fact it has been determined that from such beautiful falls as those of Chorrera sufficient power is available to operate the contiguous portion of the new system of interior railways.

## Nation's Brain Cells.

In national government, as in all other great human concerns, it is not possible to destroy long established and complicated systems with a sledge hammer, no matter how evil their real character may be without injuring the innocent, and temporarily, at least, halting the fluent and logical co-operation of the nation's brain cells.

## Just the Thing.

The way of the transgressor is hard, but that seems to make the motoring all the better.

# Temperance Notes

## PROHIBITION AND THE FARMER.

There are in the United States about 10,000,000 farmers, and they constitute ten per cent of the entire population. The value of their annual products is approximately \$10,000,000,000, or \$1,000 for each farmer. The liquor interests claim that should prohibition prevail the farmers will be deprived of their market for this large amount of produce.

There is another side to this question. Mr. Charles Stetle has made a careful study of the situation. He says:

"The liquor industry purchases every year about \$100,000,000 worth of produce from the farmer, and therefore the liquor industry consumes just one per cent of all that the farmer produces, that is, \$10 for each farmer in the United States. The question is, what will the 'poor farmer' do with his \$10 worth of produce which the liquor industry cannot purchase when it is put out of business? There are over 20,000,000 families in the United States which would purchase the stuff now sold to the liquor men. According to a study made by the department of labor of the United States, the average workingman's family spends annually about \$500 for food. This would make a total of at least \$10,000,000,000 per year for the 20,000,000 families.

"If the 20,000,000 families were each to increase their purchasing power one per cent, or \$5 per year, it would amount to exactly \$100,000,000—the sum of the liquor men's purchases from the farmer. But let us assume that the retail figure at which the average family would be compelled to buy is twice as high as the liquor men pay. This would increase the amount necessary to be purchased to \$10 per year for each family, or about twenty cents per week. There can be no doubt that, with the increasing earning power and spending ability of the average workingman's family due to the abolition of the liquor traffic, the average family will easily wish to spend at least twenty cents more per week for cherries, peaches, apples, berries and the various forms of grain, to say nothing about flour and bread and other materials which come primarily from the farm."

## WHERE YOUR TAXES GO.

During the campaign of 1914 for state prohibition in Washington a business man in the city of Seattle was approached by a friend with the question, "What do you think of the statewide prohibition movement? Do you think it will win?"

"Yes, it will win, because it ought to win."

"Why, I thought you were an advocate of the principles of individual responsibility, personal liberty, etc."

"So I am. So I am. That's just the point. The liquor business is an infringement on my personal liberty and I'll prove it to you. Now, I pay \$0.000 a year taxes—for what? For the past four years I've been following up all the state, county and city appropriations just to see where my taxes go to. Here are the records and estimates, right here in this book. I find that the maintenance of almshouses, hospitals, orphan asylums, courts of law, mothers' pensions, reform schools, jails, insane asylums and penitentiaries, costs me over \$2,200 a year, all because of the whisky business. I don't drink myself, because I can't afford to drink, and it's not business to drink; but I am forced to support at least five drunks and pay the damages. You call this a free country?"

## FLIRTING WITH UNDERTAKER.

Here is something that may give the beer drinker pause: In Professor Reinitzer's prisms, displayed conspicuously in the anti-alcohol exhibitions of Europe, one cube represents a pint of pure alcohol—enough to kill a man on the spot. Alongside of this is a prism standing for 146-10 pints of alcohol, the amount a man who drinks a pint of beer daily takes into his system each year. It is a relatively simple problem to estimate from these comparisons just to what extent and how fatuously a beer drinker in pursuing his favorite avocation is flirting with the undertaker.—Dr. Edwin F. Bowers.

## CONVERTED BY EVIDENCE.

Those who were honestly opposed, as I was, to prohibition in Washington and Oregon, have been converted to it, as I have been, by the actual evidence that prohibition is a fine thing from a business standpoint. No city and no community can afford to have saloons. They are too expensive, morally and economically. In a very few years there will not be a licensed saloon in the whole country.

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## Perfectly True.

"Miss Brown told me that you paid her such a charming compliment the other evening," said Mrs. Coddington to her husband—"something about her being pretty. The poor girl was so pleased. I don't see how you men can be so untruthful."

"I should think you'd know by this time that I'm never untruthful," said Mr. Coddington reproachfully. "I said she was just as pretty as she could be, and so she was."—Stray Stories.

## DON'T LOSE ANOTHER HAIR

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## Rooster Kills Snake.

J. S. Sullivan, a Delaware county farmer, known for his veracity, vouches for the truth of a story concerning the defeat of a six-foot black-snake by a game rooster in his hen-house a few mornings ago. According to Sullivan, the snake crawled into the chicken shed and before it could be interfered with, grabbed one of a family of thirteen chicks mothered by a hen. The hen flew at the snake in an effort to rescue the unfortunate member of her brood, but retired when the gallant game cock, feathers ruffled and comb erect, rushed in and attacked the reptile boldly with his spurs. The battle raged for fifteen minutes, according to Sullivan, and at the end the black-snake lay dead with two neat spur punctures through his brain. Then the little game rooster strutted around the barn lot cockily and since has refused to have anything to do with other members of the Sullivan flock.

## The Brute.

Mr. Babcock had just been telling his wife of an old friend. "And he said he knew me when I was a little girl?" interrogated the wife.

"No," said Babcock, "he didn't say anything of the sort."

"But you just said he did," said Mrs. Babcock.

"No," said the man. "I didn't."

"Why, Charles!" exclaimed the wife. "What did he say, then?"

"I said," replied the brute, "that he said he knew you when he was a little boy."

One woman can call another "dearie" and make it sound like a swear word.

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## Early Dynamos.

The principle of electro-magnetic induction, on which the operation of the dynamo-electric machine is based, was discovered by Michael Faraday of London in 1831. The first machine to give continuous current was that of Sir Charles Wheatstone, in England, in 1841. One of the earliest successful dynamos was that of Siemens, 1856. Gramme invented the ring winding in 1870.

## To Identify Your Trunks.

I have proved the value in peace of mind and convenience of the following ideas: I mark my bag or trunks with a marker of red, be it a bit of ribbon or a cord tacked on, so that in identifying my baggage among dozens of others I can instantly point out to the baggage man "that one with the red marker."—New York Evening Sun.

## Jays of the Poor.

The happiest people in the world are the poor. Without attempting to stifle the ambition for self-advancement, religion has always taught men to be content with their lot, and

shown the folly of relying upon possessions as the key to happiness. Our materialistic day has worshiped financial success, and by hearing this doctrine constantly preached, those who are poor have been made to feel themselves unfortunate and condemned to miss the great joys of life.—Leslie's.

## Boston's Successful Horse Show.

Boston held its fourteenth annual free horse show and work-horse parade this year. There were 1,600 fine-looking horses in the parade, and most of them were awarded a ribbon, first, blue; second, red; third, yellow. Each blue ribbon winner also received a brass medal to be worn as a permanent ornament on the harness.

## Sure Reward for Work.

Work, in every hour, paid or unpaid; see only that thou work, and thou canst not escape the reward; whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought.—Emerson.